

THE STAR

An International Magazine



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December, 1929

PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

...Ojai Camp...

1930



May 24th --- June 2nd



1. Registration for the Camp is not restricted to members of any organization but is open to everyone.
2. Registration may be made for three or more days, at the rate of \$5 a day for one person; but for a period of 7, 8, 9 or 10 days the maximum charge will be \$30.
3. Registration for ten days for children under twelve years, \$15 each. For young people twelve to eighteen years, \$20 each.
4. For special single tents, if desired, a fee of \$5 *extra* will be charged.
5. For those who do not require tent accommodations, reservations for meals only at the Camp may be made at \$1.50 a day for one.
6. As at present planned there will be no pre-Camp meetings at the Oak Grove, Ojai Camp.

*Early registrations will be of great help
to the Management*



For Complete Information, Please Write to
OJAI CAMP, Ojai, Calif., U. S. A.

hates. Love is God and God is Love. We have read this, and we have rejoiced in it; but think what it would mean if we could become imbued with that spirit, and radiate it! We become so anchored in Truth that no storm can altogether blow us away; so filled with the Divine that our heart blossoms with the three flowers of fruitful life: Joy, Love, and Peace.

The Potter

By J. Krishnamurti

As the potter
To the joy of his heart
Molds the clay,
So thou canst create
To the glory of thy being,
Thy future.

As the man of the forest
Who cuts a path
Through the thick jungle,
So thou canst make,
Through this turmoil of affliction,
A clear path
To thy freedom from sorrows,
To thy lasting happiness.

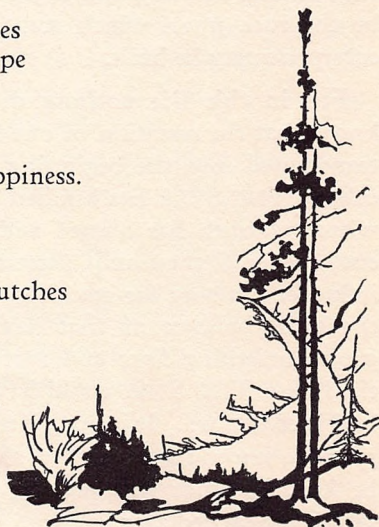
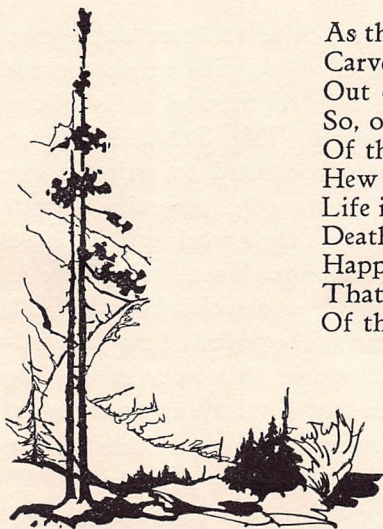
O friend,
As for a moment
The mysterious mountains

Are concealed by the passing mist,
So thou art hid
In the darkness
Of thine own creation.

What thou sowest,
The fruit thereof
Shall burden thee.
O friend,
Heaven and hell
Are words
To frighten thee to right action,
But they exist not.

Only
The seeds of thine actions
Shall bring into being
The flower of thy longing.

As the maker of images
Carves the human shape
Out of granite,
So, out of the rock
Of thine experience,
Hew thine eternal happiness.
Life is a death,
Death is a rebirth.
Happy is the man
That is beyond the clutches
Of these limitations.



tion, repulsion, and the interaction, or interplay, between these two poles. You can bind yourself to a thing or a person either by love or by hate; which shows that they are fundamentally aspects of the same thing. It is the seeming separateness that gives rise to what we call hate. It is the knowledge that there is no separateness in the Self that awakens the consciousness of love. Therefore, if we think and feel and act as and for the Self of all selves, we manifest love in all the worlds in which we are so far conscious."

The Christ said, "Love your neighbor as yourself." Why? Because, verily, your neighbor is fundamentally yourself. You are that Self, which is the Self of all seemingly separate selves.

I turned to the poets: "God is love. Therefore, love."

To love abundantly is to live abundantly. To love forever is to live forever.

Browning said:

"For life with all its yield of joy
or woe and hope and fear,
Is just our chance o' the price of
learning love,
How love might be, has been, indeed, and is."

It seems that the one dominant lesson for us to learn is how we can love more.

Love is indeed the fulfilling of the law. Let us then practice love steadily, day out and day in. Just as a muscle develops through exercise, so does our capacity to love develop through our efforts to love. We must learn to love everything and everyone. Love begets love.

If only we could realize the omnipotence of love! We are told that Edward Irving once went to see a dying

boy, and when he entered the room, he just put his hand on the sufferer's head and said: "My boy, God loves you," and went away. And the boy started from his bed and called out to the people in the house, "God loves me, God loves me!" It changed and healed that boy.

We give ourselves to many things. Let us first and always give ourselves to love. When love has gone out of the lives of any of us, the darkness and loneliness that comes can often not be endured long. Life is valuable in proportion to our capacity to love, because to love is to live. Love is eternal life.

Finally, I turned to a sage and a poet, Mr. Jinarajadasa. He says:

"A face may have little that is beautiful in it, and yet a heart may spring forward in rapture to love the soul that is mirrored in that face. Our loving would go from glory to glory, if only the tides of cosmic desire did not enwrap us all around. When we begin to love, that craving seizes on the first stir in our heart, and with the touch of that craving, a pollution enters into our love. A *self* begins quickly to weave itself into the loving, and '*I love*' becomes thenceforth an unending refrain. That element of '*self*' swiftly grows, fed by the craving. Soon its characteristics dominate love. Then the self holds all for '*itself*,' and fiercely resents any attempt by another to share it. When the thought arises that the beloved may love another, jealousy flames up from within. It is not the soul who loves that is jealous; it is only the craving. But the soul does not know this, and identifies *self* with *soul*. It is a quality of the craving that it ever seeks to entangle us more and more in the lower

reaches of our being. When we would strike the higher chord, it prompts the lower . . . For the soul whose highest bliss is to love, the way of release is to seek what is universal in love. The love of one must lead to the love of all, before love's true end is attained. The soul's love, when freed from cosmic desire, tends by nature to a universal love. For love at-ones, first the beloved and then what is akin to the beloved in all other things. As soon as the soul is free from the self created by the craving, love begins to realize its many dimensions. It is in order that the soul may find love's other dimensions, that even love returned can find its fulfilment only for a while. The beloved who is all will be taken away, leaving a void which nothing else can fill. Or love itself will slowly die, leaving the world all gray and uninspiring. The heart will be buffeted hither and thither, and annihilated not once, but many times. Yet will the soul be held to life, to go on and on with a weary round of duty, when death would be a thousand times preferable. All this happens, that the soul may learn to distinguish between the form which love enshrines and eternal love in its true essence. For as one beloved after another comes and goes, life after life, the soul learns to sense universal love apart from particular loves. For a greater wonder than *'I love'* is that Love should do the loving. Till the lover becomes one with Love, eternal and unchanging, heartaches and disappointments will beset him, as he goes forth life after life in search of love. For Love's heart is the universe itself, and till the universe come to the lover, he must seek and never find."

Krishnamurti says:

"Without love, man is as a desert of dry sand, as the river in the summer

time, without water to nourish its banks. Those who would attain the perfection of happiness, the beauty that is hidden from the human eye, must cultivate this quality of love."

"It is essential to love, for through love you grow, you expand, you live as the bird lives in the free air, joyous at all times."

"We all crave affection—I as much as anyone else. If we show a little affection to others, we see at once a real joy on their faces. But it is only a stepping stone into that Kingdom of Divinity where you are yourself love."

He who dwells in the Eternal is ever willing and eager to show men the eternal values of all things, whenever their natures are open to love, beauty and understanding.

I made one last quest, looking into my own heart,—and what did I find? I found first that love, like life, like light, like any other reality, cannot be defined. Then I felt love, like a warmth, a glow, that went out from my heart, linking it to every other heart, yea, to every living thing. I knew it as the essence of my being. Without that soft glow, I would freeze and perish. I saw it to be the very source of my life, sustaining and nourishing it, the cement, the cohesion, holding all manifestation together. It is the open window through which men can perceive God in each other. It is oft-times the only memory they still retain of their own Divinity, as they walk in dark places. It reveals the eternal Beauty in each rock or flower, child or man. It is the fire that prompts to noble actions, selfless deeds, to spotless purity, Divine Compassion; that lifts a man from earth's dull ways to God's own Glory; that recreates him, Master, Lord, Supreme, Divine.

A Fable

(Reprinted from the International Star Bulletin)



NCE upon a time—which is the way in which all true stories begin—there was a world in which all the people were sick and sad, and yet all of them were seeking to be released from their suffering and to find happiness. In search of this happiness they prayed, they worshipped, they loved and they hated, they married and made wars. They begot children as miserable as themselves and yet they taught those children that happiness was their right and their eventual goal.

Then one day in the midst of this suffering world there rose a whisper, which grew into a shout, that a Great Teacher was coming who, because of his love for the world and because of his wisdom, would bring to those who were suffering, comfort in their sorrow, and would show all the people in the world how they might find the lasting happiness which all were seeking.

And in order to spread widely the glad news of the coming of the teacher, organizations and societies were formed, and men and women went throughout the world telling of the Teacher who would come. Some prayed to him that he would come more quickly. Some performed ceremonies in order to prepare the world to receive him. Some made profound studies of forgotten times, when other great Teachers had come and taught, so that by this study they might better understand him. Some proclaimed themselves his disciples in advance, so that when he came there might be some at least to stand around him and to understand him.

Then one day he came. And he told the people of the world that he had come to bring them happiness, to heal their pain and to soothe their sorrows. He said that he himself, through much suffering and pain, had found his way to an abode of peace, to a Kingdom of eternal Joy. He told them that he had come to lead them and to guide them to that abode. But, he said, because the path leading to that Kingdom was steep and narrow, only those could follow him who were willing to set aside everything that they had accumulated in the past. He asked them to set aside their Gods, their religions, their rites and ceremonies, their books and their knowledge, their families and friends. And if they would do that, he said, he would provide them with food for the journey, he would satisfy their burning thirst with the living water which he possessed, and would bring them into the Kingdom of Happiness where he himself dwelt eternally.

Then those people, who for so many years had been preparing for the Teacher, began to feel uncomfortable and troubled. For they said: "This is not the teaching we expected and for which we have been preparing. How can we renounce all this knowledge which we have so painfully acquired? Without it the world would never understand the Teacher. How can we renounce all these splendid rites and ceremonies in the performing of which we find so much happiness and power? How can we renounce our families and friends when we need them so much? What teaching is this?"

And they began to question among themselves: "Can this indeed be the Teacher whom we have been expecting? We never thought he would speak in this way and ask of us such renunciations." And those especially who had proclaimed themselves his disciples, because of their more intimate knowledge of his will, felt uncomfortable and troubled.

Then after much thought and meditation light came to them and a solution

of their difficulties. And they said: "It is true that the Teacher comes to help the world, but we know the world better than he does and so we will act as his interpreters to the world."

And so those who had knowledge said: "His call for renunciation does not apply to us because the world needs our knowledge and could not do without it, so for the sake of the world we shall go on seeking knowledge."

And those who performed rites and ceremonies said: "We have of course renounced all rites and ceremonies for our own benefit; we have passed beyond any need of them, but for the sake of the world we shall continue to perform them, otherwise the world would suffer." So they continued to build Churches and Temples and to perform rites, all to help the world, and they were too busy to listen to the Teacher.

And the only people who willingly renounced were those who gave up their homes and their families because they wanted freedom from duty and obligation. And they came to the Teacher and said: "We have left all to follow you, now find us an easy job where we can work for you and also earn a living."

Some there were, a few, who set aside all things, and sat at the feet of the Teacher, and tried to learn from him how they might feed the hungry, and satisfy the thirsty. These people thought that his wisdom was likely to prove more helpful to the world than their knowledge; that his simplicity might be easier understood than their complications; that the Teacher might know best when he said that rites and ceremonies were not necessary for the finding of the happiness he came to give; that you could renounce your family and friends in your heart while not deserting them in the flesh.

But the others reproached them for their selfishness and idleness. They said: "The world does not need the bread of the Teacher, but a particular kind of pastry for which we hold the recipe. It does not need water to quench its thirst, but the wine contained in our chalices. The words of your Teacher will not help the world, because they are too simple and the world cannot understand what they mean. We have complicated theories to solve the complicated problems of the world and the world can understand them."

So there were few of those who had most eagerly announced the coming of the Teacher who listened to the teaching he gave. There were some who said: "This is not the Teacher we expected, so we will go on preparing for the coming of the real Teacher." And the others built up walls and barriers round him so that none could get to him unless they opened the gates.

So in a few years he went away and then the same people hailed him as divinely inspired, and they built new Churches in his name and invented new and elaborate rites and ceremonies for his glory, and built a new religion upon the teaching he had not given. And the world continued to suffer and cry for help.

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A Corridor

By Lancaster D. Burling

I know a wind-swept corridor that can be reached in a minute
from wherever I am.

But I don't know where it comes from or where it goes to,
because whenever I reach it I seem—to be the corridor.

(And where did I come from and where am I going?)

But who am I that brace myself against that heavy wind,
if not a corridor?



THE ROAD

By JOHN BURTON

Once more I take the road
In the keen wandering wind
Under the stars.

And though my feet carry me briskly
Between the dark, high hedges of night,
And trees toss carelessly their branches
Above my head,
Yet is my journey but a part
Of the one grand pilgrimage
Into the limitless heart
Of the Beloved.

I am He,
And I wander in the gardens of my making,
Now hiding Myself from myself,
Only to taste a greater sweetness
In the next finding.

Until at last I can hide no more,
For all roads have become one Road,
And that Road
Myself.

And over that Road
The sun shines by night
As well as by day,
And the dawn no more chases the stars
From under their dark canopy.

THE SOUL

By F. D. SHREVE

Earth knows no tissue finer than the human soul,
Whose gossamer threads are spun from angels'
dreams
Each segment slowly woven in the loom of life
From God's eternal plan.

God breathed upon the spirit and called it man,
Endowed it with the noblest virtues and desires;
To guard its fragile beauty is thy sacred trust,
Demanding all thy strength.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

By LONGFELLOW

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.

So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

EAST AND WEST

ANONYMOUS

Men look to the East for the dawning things
For the light of a rising sun.

* * * * *

The Eastward sun, is a new-made hope
From the dark of the night distilled,
But the Westward sun is a sunset sun,
Is the sun of hope fulfilled.

For out of the East they have always come,
The cradle that saw the birth
Of all the heart-warm hopes of men,
And all the hopes of earth.

For out of the East a Christ arose,
And out of the East there gleamed
The dearest dream and the clearest dream
That ever a prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they come
With the dream-child of the East,
And find the hopes they had hoped of old
A thousand times increased.

The Science of Happiness

By Marie Russak Hotchener



WE SHOVE off each morning into a sea but vaguely charted. In the course of our voyage we encounter other ships like ourselves, hailing them, occasionally comparing notes, but always passing on. There is no navigator whom we can hire; our ship we must sail ourselves. With dozens of means of communication, and science adding more, we can never hope to be able to understand another wholly nor to have another understand us. How we conduct our ship determines our earthly happiness. We can sail it blindly without reference to the experience of others, generally fetching up on a shoal, or we can take our course from every plausible Tom, Dick or Harry we pass, changing it at his suggestion and meeting an equally disastrous end, or we can trim it to conditions as they present themselves, utilizing simple prudence and the experience of others when available. If we will but remember that we must navigate our own ship, that it is futile to look for help outside ourselves as respects the fundamentals we have gone a long way. Sailing our ship we shall always remember that not only must we sail it ourselves but we will sail it honestly to the best of our ability and, despite adverse conditions, should they appear, we will carry on, secure in the knowledge that each storm weathered but makes us stronger and fits us better for the next."

Were it not that we know to the contrary it would almost seem that these words might have been written

by Krishnamurti instead of by Whitney Goit in his fine book *The Science of Happiness* (Duke Publishing Co., Kansas City). In fact seldom have I found in any recent book greater confirmation of the verities that Krishnamurti is emphasizing. It is free from dogma or prejudice, is non-sectarian and full of common sense. One may differ with some few of the personal opinions of Mr. Goit, but there is so much with which one can agree that the differences are secondary.

He will have naught to do with metaphysics, with cults, with reliance on individuals. In the search for today's and tomorrow's happiness and contentment he determinedly insists that one must look for *the causes* within one's body, mind, and soul. He deplores that people are so steeped in materialism that they must "go from one form to another seeking constantly for relief, relief which never comes. Or what is equally bad, dreamy-eyed, they drift from cult to cult, from seer to seer until life ends, and they go to their graves without ever having been anywhere." They waste the substance of their lives in a vain hope for that which they do not define yet for which they hunger.

All the time there is a broad road to happiness waiting for us if we will but travel it. We must all come (if we are to be happy, to be at peace with ourselves, and to get something out of life as we go along) to a canny realization that life is not perfect, nor can we ever make it perfect, hence we must adjust ourselves as best we can

to conditions as they are. "Life ameliorates slowly. Adjustment to life makes it possible to extract the best it has to offer."

In this adjustment Mr. Goit advocates traveling the plain common sense road:

"Here is no cure for the psychopath, the neurotic, the perverse. We leave to the doctors and the priests their proper fields; we only ask them to stay in those proper fields. We expect to apply common sense to ever present problems. If we break our leg we shall go to a competent orthopedic surgeon to set it for us; if we get a cinder in our eye we shall ask an ophthalmologist to remove it; we shall not read a book or have someone a mile away do it for us. If we are hungry we shall eat, if thirsty drink, if fatigued sleep. We shall not deny ourselves what is properly ours.

"We shall not hope to find happiness in the pursuit of any single idea. We know we are too complex for that, nor shall we attempt to submerge or deny any part of our personality.

"In short, we shall approach the problem in a sane, open manner, bringing it out in the light so we can see it. We shall discard our glasses, rose colored and plain; magnifying nothing, minimizing nothing, we shall face facts."

Happiness Within Ourselves

Says Mr. Goit: "We must look to the only place from which permanent help can come, within ourselves. Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune. Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing. Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criti-

cisms; strong and content I travel the open road."

Mr. Goit does not believe in any half-way measures. He advocates a self-analysis and self-discipline that seem a bit severe, but he is positive of victory because he himself has attained it,—so he says.

"The ordinary man or woman, you, without training in philosophy, may entertain a hope of enduring happiness, a soul at peace, facing the world with clear and confident eye, master of yourself and captain of your soul. The prize which men have sought since the beginning of time is yours if you will but pay the price. This is a bold statement, encompassing much. . . . You will be asked to follow a hard road of self-discipline but not an impossible one. We speak with authority because we have traveled it ourselves. You will be asked at the outset to 'scrap' most of your ideas on conduct and approach the subject open-minded, receptive to what is about to be unfolded in its entirety rather than in detail. Scoff if you will but confute if you can. . . .

"Scrap your prejudices. Scrap your preconceived ideas. Scrap your superstitions, your palmists, your clairvoyants, your spiritualists, your numerologists, your fortune tellers, they have nothing you lack except a glib tongue and a knowledge of human nature. . . . Belief in no cult and following no ritual will do it for you. You will have to travel the hard road of spiritual and mental discipline. This road you will *have to travel for yourself*; it can only be pointed out to you. At its end lies the almost legendary state of true contentment."

Self Reliance

The first rule for attainment, ac-

cording to Mr. Goit, is self-reliance, for nothing outside oneself *can do the work*. One's spiritual vistas need opening up, enlarging. Will power needs to be developed. Seek out inhibitions and discard them. A fine intelligence makes it easier to be self-reliant; it makes the attainment of content surer.

"But look only to yourself. No one can give you anything worth while and no one can take anything from you. The most anyone can do is to help you to help yourself. Once you grasp this lesson all nature conspires to assist you. Mental pauperism, i. e., looking to others for sustenance, is as bad as financial pauperism, and spiritual pauperism is worse than either; there madness lies. You contain within yourself the possibility of mundane heaven and mundane hell. Whichever you achieve it will be your own structure. This is trite but it cannot be repeated too often. True content is mundane heaven. Dissatisfaction with one's self is mundane hell.

"This is not to be construed as an invitation to egoism, the world has an over supply now. Egoism is incompatible with happiness."

A Sense of Adequacy

Another rule that Mr. Goit emphasizes especially is to attain a sense of adequacy. Adequacy in this sense is finding out if one has store of sufficiency for a specific purpose — the purpose here being to attain happiness. How then can a feeling of adequacy be objectivized in the mind?

1. "By taking yourself as you are for better or worse, neither envying nor repining, utilizing your natural powers

to the utmost, constantly improving yourself with means ready at hand, interesting yourself in all that an adult may be interested in, neither fawning on the high nor scorning the low, with a proper respect for others and a proper respect for yourself, realizing that when you were born you contained all that you needed and now you contain no less.

2. "By realizing that if you live with people, you must do business with them, mix with them socially, and be buried with them when you die, therefore you must adjust yourself to them instead of attempting to make them adjust to you. Be ready to forgive and slow to condemn. Cultivate a broad tolerance toward them. They have the same desires, and fears that you have, they are in the main replicas of yourself.

3. "By the elimination of unreasonable fear. Fear was bequeathed to you by your remote ancestors, we all have it in one way or another since we could not exist without it. The emotion of fear is not only one of the prime movers of the world but a necessity in self preservation. Fear has its place but it must be kept in its place. .

"If you have built well (and if you do not deceive yourself deliberately you will know if you have) you need not fear. Most of your fears have been groundless. Most of them originated in your imagination. All of your spiritual fears have been unnecessary.

"Cultivate then, by a study of yourself, assets and liabilities, expansion of assets and reduction of liabilities, a feeling of adequacy to any contingency which might arise. Once achieved, integral, confident, you face the world."

Occupation

Mr. Goit points out that in this search for contentment it is most important that one should seek to learn whether the occupation in which he finds himself is the right one. If not, after practical self-analysis, he should seek one more fitting to one's natural temperament.

"Somewhere in the spiritual and economic structure of the world there is a niche for you. You are the product of countless generations each one bequeathing you some quality great or small. Your mentality as well as your body or your will is the product of the sum of those bequests. Such a vast number of possible combinations, no two of which are alike, exists that it is apparent no two people can be exactly similar.

"You, therefore, possess a combination of attributes which is unique. You have something for which there is no counterpart. You are the sole agent as well as the sole manufacturer of what goods you have to offer. There is some one thing you enjoy doing that you can do better than anyone else. Select an occupation for which you are fitted, attend to it and your success is but a matter of time.

"It cannot be achieved at a bound. Behind every success, no matter how spectacular, will be found much preparation and many failures. Take the bull by the horns, analyze, see why you are unhappy and unsuccessful in your present occupation. Find out what you do best and then do it."

Imagination

"You have only five points of contact with the world, but five means of obtaining knowledge or impressions. These are your five senses. If you re-

ceive an impression and you have not heard, seen, smelled, tasted, or touched to obtain it you must of necessity have imagined it.

"Remembering this simple basic fact will solve innumerable occult experiences. Consideration of it in its various manifestations will throw much light on the influences that beset us as we go through life.

"Imagination is at once a curse and a blessing. It is a prime source of devastating fear. It causes us to modify our conduct profoundly when we should proceed as we are. It is sometimes so powerful that we sincerely believe we have seen or heard what we have only imagined.

"Use your imagination as Nature intended you to use it. It is your connection with the spiritual, a most powerful weapon. Rightly used it will solve most of your problems and afford you endless joy; permitted to act unrestrainedly it will inevitably bring ruin upon you, causing you to misunderstand people and yourself. It will color your thoughts, lose your friends, alienate your relatives, or it will be your best servant, the source of your most superior work. It is yours to use as you see fit. Use it wisely.

"A captain without a ship is no better off than a ship without a captain. The body requires the soul and the soul needs the body. For most successful operation the balance must be perfect. It is a lack of balance between mind, soul, and body which is a cause of unhappiness, and it is undue or insufficient attention to any one factor that produces this unbalanced condition. The most brilliant captain would fail on his voyage if the stokers laid off and the stokers would

come to a sad end without the direction on the bridge."

Will

"It is essential at this point to comprehend thoroughly that the will, the psyche, the ego, call it what you choose, must be sharply differentiated from the mind and the body. The will is you, the inner you, occupying a body not one whit different than another, with exactly the same chemical constituents, utilizing the same sort of brain, eating the same food and with practically the same desires, hopes, and forbodings. Only in the will do you differ essentially from others

"If you have the will to do so, you can make out of your mind or your body what you choose, it is merely a question of paying the price. You can be a student, or a pugilist, you can develop your intellect at the expense of your body, or you can develop your physique at the expense of your mind, or you can develop both. This is no secret nor is there any secret about the methods of accomplishment.

"Granted the will to accomplish there is literally little that cannot be accomplished. It is to be understood of course that we mean along the lines of a true career. Certainly we do not mean that will power can make an artist of one without talent. We mean literally, that worldly success, provided the individual capacity in the lines along which he is working, is solely a matter of determination. It comes back to the question of fidelity to oneself in the choice of a livelihood.

"Also it should be understood thoroughly that the pursuit of happiness no less than the pursuit of material success *demands* will power. This will

power you have, it is the handmaiden of your soul, it is your duty to utilize it. To be happy it is first necessary to determine to be happy, not simply to hope to be happy. The will must be called into action, you may be sure it will respond if you are sincere. You cannot do it simply by wishing

"Will power is limited only by itself. It is almost infinite"

Ennui

Mr. Goit emphasizes the fact that monotony is a danger, for when one feels it there is mental inertia, a lack of imagination, or too much searching for entertainment outside oneself.

"When one looks constantly outside himself for amusement, to cards, parties, theatres, or whatnot, boredom is inevitable.

"In a wonderfully diverse world the possibilities of interest are limitless. Yet again we must select as we cannot possibly undertake it all. It behooves us to choose wisely our interests, selecting those which provide us the maximum of enjoyment. All forms of culture are readily available and beyond the reach of no one . . .

"Culture is not high brow in any sense of the word. Culture does not mean wearing a Windsor tie and swinging a malacca stick. Culture is appreciation, and the finer the subject the finer the culture. Once comprehended the greater things of the mind and soul are infinitely more enjoyable than the lesser."

Indifference to Events

Mr. Goit brings his interesting book to a close with a plea for what he believes is the greatest secret of contentment and happiness: an unruffled serenity under any and all conditions, the summit of human achievement.

"Granted reasonable attention to material want, granted reasonable care of the mind so that employed in wide interests it does not tend to wander, granted then a sound mind in a sound body, regardless of wealth, regardless of inheritance, regardless of environment, the secret of human happiness and the sole secret lies in a simple, bland indifference to events . . . Indifference honestly practiced brings serenity and serenity is happiness.

"If this appears to you to be a hard doctrine what alternative is there? You were warned the road was arduous but you were also shown that countless men had traveled countless other roads for ages without success. You were told to confute if you could. Confute now if you can.

"You have tried them all and failed, billions more have tried them all and failed, now try this. With due attention to body and mind, and use of events that belong to you, a sublime indifference to all others is the key and the only key to happiness. It is the only way to the well-rounded, perfect balance of mind, soul, and body that produces blessed peace."

In closing this review of Mr. Goit's valuable little book, I take the liberty of adding something to the realities and helpful suggestions he has made, something which I believe he has not stated definitely, yet the practice of which, I have little doubt, has permitted him to reach the peace and contentment he says he enjoys.

When he says that the sole secret of happiness lies in a bland indifference to events, I add that the bland indifference he talks about is a danger to progress unless the student has attained *understanding of the purpose of existence*.

One cannot become indifferent to the power of circumstance, be unmoved by the sordid miseries of life, suffer patiently the disappointment and disillusionment of many events, face death with courage, unless one has understood the *meaning* of each event, the lesson it has to teach. When one searches and finds that meaning, that lesson, the truth that lies within each event, then alone can he *dare* safely to be different, dare to be serene when a like event recurs. In fact he *cannot* become serene in his soul unless he has sought, found, and learned the lesson in events, after he has understood the purpose of life. Any other indifference would be that of the proverbial ostrich with his head buried in the sand, or of the moron who smiles on indifferently through life, because of a lack of the emotional and mental capacity to feel or think responsively to events.

The purpose of existence is to gain wisdom, and the experiences of daily life are the means whereby we gain that wisdom. So beware of cultivating indifference to those experiences before wisdom is attained, or happiness will be a temporary fool's paradise.

Men are taught from childhood that they are weak and sinners. Teach them that they are all glorious children of immortality, even those who are the weakest in manifestation. Let positive, strong, helpful thoughts enter into their brains from very childhood. Lay yourselves open to these thoughts, and not to weakening and paralyzing ones.

Swami Vivekananda.

Ragnar---A Legend of the Northland

By Emma Celia Fleming



BEFORE ever a monk had invaded the Northland,—yea long before the Christian Era,—the North had many wise sons and many heroes. Of these heroes, the one that has become the best known—possibly because he was the last known of the minstrel kings, was Ragnar of Denmark, also called Ragnar Lodbrok.

IN YOUTH he had been a great chieftain who ruled his people wisely. His first wife was Thora, Princess of Gothland, who was the mother of his four sons. Thora was a high-bred and haughty princess, of the purest blood and great pride. Her oldest son Ivar was much like her, but of him, more anon.

WHEN RAGNAR grew near to middle age and his son Ivar was old enough to rule the country, he left the kingdom in the charge of this, his eldest son, while he himself set forth with only his harp for company, to wander among the people and to sing to them of the gods who were humanity's brothers; of Odin the Wise,—who was called Allfather and his wife and helpmeet Frigga; of Thor, the mighty, who cares for the laborer and whose hall in high Valhalla is large enough to accommodate all workers of the world; of Frey, the gentle, kindly and joyful, who gave up his sword and his high seat in Valhalla in order that he might espouse Gerda, the beautiful, who was a mortal; of Freya, his sister, who was the goddess of love, and who wept over the woes of men, and whose tears turned to gold, by which men were helped; of Quasir, the teacher, who was borne of the breath of the gods, and who gave his whole life to teaching humans until his death at the hands of the dwarfs who were jealous; he whose blood is guarded by Great Odin, himself; of Brage; Brage, who was the first minstrel and historian of the north, and it would seem, also of all time. The first skald, as they were called in the North, or Bard, as Druidland would dub them, Brage, god or angel, whose song caused the kingdom of the dead to rejoice and whose "voice was like breeze o'er flowerfields straying."

IN HIS WANDERINGS Ragnar brought joy and beauty to the people and caused their hearts to again turn to the gods of their fathers, for, as often happens, the people had grown lax in their devotion to gods and service to humans and he strayed far, for well he knew that his sons would guard the state. As for his wife, the proud Princess Thora, she had long since departed this earth and gone to Folkvang, the castle of Freya, where good and virtuous women who have borne sons, go after the body is cremated.

NOW IT CHANCED that one day he came to the hut of a very poor peasant. And as it was then midday he stopped to ask if he might share the peasant's humble meal, for he was beloved by his people for his democracy and unassuming ways that were the mark of true royalty.

AND IT CHANCED that the one who brought his meal was a maiden of surpassing beauty, who although clothed in the coarse garb of the peasant, yet seemed of royal bearing. Ragnar questioned the peasant about this remarkable girl and learned that she was not his daughter nor did he rightly know from whence she had come, for it had happened, some ten years previously, that another minstrel had come to the hut carrying an enormous harp, which some of the evil men of the village had thought to contain gold and jewels. And they slew the minstrel. But when they broke open the harp, it contained neither gold nor jewels, nor the fine raiment of eastern lands, but only a maiden of

about seven summers, who though frightened, yet scorned to cry. Then the men had gone away and this maiden had been left with the peasant and had tended his sheep, though she had in her earlier years often spoken of her father's house and the comforts therein.

NOW RAGNAR was much taken with the beauty of the maiden and thought that he would have her for his wife, in place of Thora who had died, but he was determined first to test the maiden to see if she would prove a worthy wife and a fit mate for a king who served the gods.

SO HE ASKED that she come to his tent the following day—not alone—nor yet in the company of any human being. Neither clothed nor naked. Neither hungry nor full. Now did the maiden truly show her wit and likewise her lineage, for she came to him accompanied only by her dog. Her clothing was but her own long hair, which fell to her feet in shining waves. And she had but bitten of a fragrant root, but had not eaten.

AND WHEN THE minstrel king heard this he was elated with her wisdom as well as he had been enchanted with her beauty, And they were married. And it is said that Freya herself, and her Light Elves danced in the moonlight on their wedding night.

BUT RAGNAR, who served the gods as a minstrel and teacher to the people, came one day to the seashore, and thinking to pay a visit to his friend, the king of Scotland, and also to his blood-brother, the Jarl of the Orkneys, he bade goodbye to his wife, who was called Aslaug, and set sail for the open sea.

NOW WHETHER EGIR, god of the sea and his wife, Rana, were jealous because Ragnar worshiped other gods, or whether because his time was come, is not known, but there was a great storm, the like of which has not been known for many years, and Ragnar, the minstrel, was shipwrecked and thrown, not on the hospitable though rugged coast of Scotland, but on the shore of the land of cruel King Ella—the ruler of wild Northumbria.

THIS KING ELLA was a follower of a sort of degenerate Druid worship, but nothing had he retained of this once beautiful and impressive religion, save its cruelties, and so when word was brought to him of the shipwreck and that this minstrel from the land of the vikings and his few followers were helpless on the shore, he had them brought before him, and accusing them of attempt to invade his country, he had Ragnar condemned to the death of the snake-pit, while his champions were made slaves to the King.

WHEN THE DOOM was told to Ragnar, he smiled and asked that he be allowed to take into the pit with him his harp, which he had miraculously rescued from the waves. And this was granted him—though the men marveled much how anyone should care to attempt to sing in the dreaded snake-pit, and King Ella marveled at the great heart of such a man.

BUT RAGNAR in the pit, struck the harpchords and he sang. He sang of Odin, who in his search for wisdom had been tested by being made to hang for nine days and nine nights from the limbs of the tree Yggdrasil and had not shrunk therefrom. And then, how the Father of all had given his right eye in sacrifice at the well of Mimir, to prove his fitness as the Father of his people. And it seemed that for a while the serpents listened, for they forebore to touch the man, until the king grew impatient and ordered his men to prod them from a safe distance, till one of the serpents at last stung the singer.

RAGNAR CONTINUED his song. Now he spoke of the words that Odin whispered into the ear of his dead son Balder, when he lay on his bier.

The words that spoke of rest in Valhalla and of a return to earth again, this time to an earth that shall breathe of peace and of happiness of its people, a return by the way of the bridge of the gods, where Heimdal keeps watch,—Heimdal, whose hearing is so acute that he can hear the grass grow, and also the wool on the sheep's back. And Ragnar sang, the while his lips grew blue and swollen and stiff with the poison, for the other serpents had joined their fellow and he suffered from many wounds. And he spoke but once of his wife and of his sons. And the watcher was sent by King Ella to take down his words, that the ancient law, which says that the relatives of a man put to death must be advised of his last words, might be fulfilled. Through blackened lips came these words: "The young bears would surely growl could they witness the sufferings of the old one." This was reported to the King, who, courageous though cruel, ordered his men to set sail and deliver the message to the sons of Ragnar, even though the words seemed to portend the vengeance of the sons and war.

SO THE SHIP LEFT Druidland and came in the course of time to the country of Ragnar, where the messengers were received by the four sons, who were gathered in the hall to hear news of their father;—Ivar, the oldest in the high-seat that had been his father's, Sigurd and Whitserk at the chessboard, and Biorn, the youngest, admiring his new sword. But when the tale was told, the younger sons had much ado to restrain themselves, and twice must Ivar remind them that Northmen must need keep guest troth at all times, and that the person of the guest is sacred in Northmont castle or hut. But so agitated did the young men become that Sigurd and Whitserk tipped over the chessboard, and it fell to the floor with a crash. And Biorn, the youngest, broke his sword in his rage.

THE MESSENGERS departed, accompanied to their ship by Ivar, who bade them godspeed, after which the three younger sons began to prepare for war, while Ivar alone was silent. When the messengers arrived in Northumbria and told King Ella of their reception, they urged him to beware of the three younger sons. But the king smiled and said: "No! Only Ivar is dangerous, for though nothing peaceful moved the others inwardly, nevertheless the only man to be feared is the man who controlleth himself."

THE YOUNGER SONS of Ragnar, despairing of making their older brother join with them, attempted to teach King Ella a lesson on their own account. But the storm wrecked their vessels, and they were thrown back upon their own shores. Meanwhile, Ivar, who was so like his mother Thora, had quietly been making his preparations. When Ella had waited for many moons, and men said: "The sons of Ragnar are afraid, and will not take vengeance for the death of their father," Ivar consulted with the Vala, the prophetess in the temple, and she, having marked the time as auspicious, he set sail in new ships, which his workers had made for him secretly. And the daughters of Egir were kind, and he reached the shore of the land of Druids without mishap. King Ella was beaten in battle, and whereas he had condemned Ragnar to the death of the snake-pit, he suffered the death of the bloody eagle.

IVAR CONTINUED to rule his people in his father's sead and having conquered the king of Northumbria, a part of this land was ceded to the Danes, who called their part of the land Dannelag.

For thus ever does the Manu, whom Northmen call Odin, work his ways with the race, that by admixture men may grow strong, brave and wise, and that they may not, by forever remaining to themselves, grow stale and degenerate into less than they were.

But Aslaug abode with the Valas in the temple, and it was said that she became a great prophetess.

Peace or Perish

By Max Wardall



THE most paradoxical thing about the peace movement is this: That although the masses of human beings in every country of the globe yearn for permanent peace with a mighty yearning;

Although there are more than three hundred peace societies in the United States alone working valiantly for peace;

Although the young people of most countries are bitterly hostile to war;

Although no man in private life presumes to speak well of war and no man in public life dares to do so;

Although the Kellogg Treaty outlawing war has been approved by all the great nations of the world;

Although the League of Nations labors unceasingly for peace;

Although church, state, and school condemn war as a consummate blasphemy;

Although it is recognized as earth's greatest curse and most immediate menace to civilization;

Yet war preparations continue unabated!

Can you solve this riddle? Let us attempt to do so.

It is now recognized by educators that a child must be kept from fear else he will hate. Fear and hate go hand in hand. Here you have the answer to the riddle, for nations are composed of lusty children who are filled with fear.

Each nationality now recognizes that war is a far greater curse than any evil it seeks to eradicate; that war settles nothing; and that it is made by

old or middle-aged men who do not fight but shove the young and innocent into the shambles. They know these things—but they do not know that instigated fear forms the emotional background for these brutal dramas. The great masses of mankind are not instinctively distrustful, but they are led into this state of mind by anxious, suspicious, worrying, war-minded leaders.

Henry Ford has one thousand ex-convicts working in his factories at Detroit! "Show them you trust them and they will react in the right way," says Ford, and they do. This delightful trait of human nature is known to everybody except the men who manage international affairs. It has apparently never occurred to the statesmen of any country to try this simple expedient of trusting other nations, thereby getting the right reaction in international disputes. Indeed, diplomacy is in itself a form of war. In battle each side is constantly maneuvering for position. Position is everything in war. Diplomacy is a battle interlude in which each nation continues jockeying and maneuvering for position. The right and wrong of a given question is rarely considered. The paramount question is "What strategy shall we employ to maintain the best position in case of war?"

Everywhere among nations there is political see-sawing for military advantage. Nor is there any indication of trust—instead one finds an atmosphere of anxious suspicion. The neighbor nearest is the most suspected.

France suspects Germany— Germany suspects France, Italy distrusts them both. Holland and Belgium watch each other with intense suspicion. Hungary hates Roumania and the sentiment is cordially reciprocated. Serbia and Croatia foam at each other. Germany, Poland, and Russia are filled with mutual anxieties. And thus it goes. Misunderstanding begets suspicion, suspicion begets fear, fear begets hatred, hatred begets war. Curiously enough, Japan is of all nations the most reasonable and conciliatory. She has acceded unostentatiously to every progressive suggestion moving to reduction of armament and world peace.

Preparations for war continue among the great powers. Although the central powers of the late war are all nominally disarmed, there are three and a half million men under arms in Europe. For what? It is useless to say for security. Preparation for war insures war. Let every man carry a gun in his pocket long enough, and he will use it. The smaller the man the greater is the danger. F. B. Maurice, Chief of Staff of the British Army, said; "I went into the army fifty years ago believing that if you want peace you must prepare for war. I believe *now* that if nations prepare adequately for war they will get it."

The nature and extent of the war preparations for the future can only be imagined, for the next war (God grant there may be none) will be a chemical affair carried on from the air. Within a few years one million aeroplanes and a million pilots will be available to spill deadly chemicals everywhere. These chemicals will be compounded in factories which a few hours before were carrying on peaceful

trades. All that will be needed to create a quick and bloody war will be the intent, and almost at once the chemical plants and flying fleets which a few hours before were servants of peace will become agencies of annihilation. In the last war twenty-eight different chemicals were used. Some blinded or caused furious weeping and sneezing, others burned the victim terribly, some caused slow suffering and degeneration of living tissue, others rotted the bones of the skull and face. These gases were awful enough, but they are feeble tokens of what awaits us. The old gases burned and tortured a few combatants. The new gases will leave whole cities paralyzed and dying, whole states and provinces wrapped in stillness and death. Huge areas of productive and fertile land will be submerged in a sea of gas in which no living creature or plant can exist. A new high explosive called radium atomite has been discovered possessing devastating properties that will make T.N.T. seem innocent and harmless. A pilotless plane directed by radio dropping a ton of radium atomite on New York or Chicago would leave no one to bury the dead. It will be a war against women and children, against culture and civilization. The safest place will be at the front! Pestilence, blight, plagues, poison, and universal devastation, these are the lines along which military science is remorselessly proceeding.

When in moments of depression I view the psychology of nations I wonder if the world is really worth saving. Certainly a race that in the face of certain destruction continues to run towards its doom is not very bright. It may be that our civilization is so defective that it deserves to perish. However, this is God's problem. Ours

is much simpler. It is to war against war until the monster is slain!

In Paris I saw twenty-five thousand mutilated soldiers in faded and shapeless uniforms proceeding down the Champs Elysées. Some were in wheel chairs, some on stretchers, some on the backs of men and women. Five thousand blind were led by children. Noseless, chinless, sightless, armless, legless wrecks. One could only gaze in silent, shuddering horror. Don't imagine, dear reader, that these mutilated men were out on parade. Far from it—they were on their way to beg for food and fair treatment from the Government. Piti-ful, forlorn, neglected remnants of brave men sacrificed to human greed and folly.

It is obvious to anyone who has watched the progress of human affairs that permanent peace cannot be attained and kept by one nation alone. Unless all nations are secure none can be. There can be no safety in armored isolation for America or any other country. This means and implies interna-

tional coöperation. The Kellogg Pact is the greatest single advance in this direction that we have made. But this treaty can have no legal sanction until it has been incorporated in the Code of International Law. The Peace Pact in itself is an expression of high moral purpose, but a clause in the International Code prohibiting war and declaring it to be contrary to law would give legal sanction to a principle of conduct agreed upon between all the great nations of the world. Given such sanction, any country violating this fundamental law would become a criminal and an outlaw and from that condemnation no guilty nation could escape. With such a compact, small and apprehensive nations could face the world with courage and confidence. *This is the next step.*

Whatever our statesmen may do, let us remember that peace does not happen—it must be made, and it is made in the hearts of men. Wage peace, and avoid war as you would a pestilence.

Work

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil . . .
 Nor to seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
 For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
 And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
 God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
 To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
 All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
 For younger fellow-workers of the soil
 To wear for amulets. So others shall
 Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand
 From thy hand, and thy heart, and thy brave cheer,
 And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
 The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
 And share its dew drop with another near.

The Universal Language

By Frances Xadow Kadow



BURIED within the subconscious is knowledge of the cruel, avoidable suffering that goes on about us, poisoning the source of happiness and rendering our civilization such a failure because humanity does not yet grasp the immense value of the universal language, the all-reaching, world-embracing language of kindness.

Kindness is synonymous with human speech, differing from it principally in that there is not the need of spoken or written word so much as the helpful thought and the subsequent kind act which brings harmony and the desire to understand. Throughout the centuries nations seeking world power, with the stupidity of mankind, failed to realize that the universal language of kindness was the great world power within their grasp at all times. The question now is, how soon will nations recognize the fact that the future of our entire civilization depends upon how well we establish this language within our educational systems. This language must be learned some day, why delay?

The chief tendency today in our country is toward too much leniency, bordering on indifference, on the part of parents and educators. Present-day characters are the product of modern parents' indifference to the supremely important task of correctly instructing their children in the universal language at the very outset of their training. In the development of youth is vested the expansion of world char-

acters and it will take much constructive vigor on the part of parents and educators to secure results.

To give shape and outline to a system of training and reduce it to the simplest formula is merely to impress upon the child's subconscious to be kindly minded. With constant repetition of the admonition to "be kind," the ideal of kindness will gradually impinge upon the imagination of the child strongly enough for him to act upon the impulse toward mercy and justice naturally, without outside suggestion.

At the beginning of these instructions in the universal language, the warm, living, breathing bodies of dumb animals should serve as adequate working material in place of books. It is evident that animals fit into the divine plan for a purpose. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion together with the fatling, and a little child shall lead them."

Worked out practically as systems of study with all phases of character and temperament taken into account and subjected to the new language, such training would inspire and stimulate the development of all that is best in the child and discourage what is undesirable.

Educators in the universal language will have a stupendous task before them, for selfishness posing as righteousness is difficult to vanquish. However, when the viewpoint of the new

generation shifts from the mad struggle for material self-advancement to comprehension of the universal obligation of the strong to protect the weak, the time spent in character building will not be such a wearisome, uphill strain.

With the language of kindness impressed firmly on the minds of children at home and in schools, there are no limits to what can be done in a spiritual and material way if the standard of the Master of Compassion be adhered to and the child's character molded upon it. Changing slowly to meet the improvement and progress they create, the coming generations will at last achieve the great ultimate, when companionship with fellow beings, nation with nation, shall move on without friction because of humanity's clearer comprehension of life's values and greater propensity to transmute baser into finer motives.

Youth trained in the universal language will go through the most bewildering mazes of life's experiences with a poise and tranquillity that will render sickness and nervous afflictions yesteryear debris. The work of character construction can then go on in earnest.

Humanity will have qualified for the next primary grade in the school of understanding when it begins to see beyond the selfish present into the future as it can be created. To be of value, its lessons must become energized power put forth into active practice.

When the language of kindness is spoken universally, happiness will dwell on doorsteps, reluctant ever to leave, and humanity as one mighty army will move upward to claim its earned privilege of spiritual glory and the "peace that passeth all understanding."

Youth

By John Fiske

I am young. Because I do not know, I must reject the wisdom of those who would guide me. Therefore, I rebel against authority. I am without experience and the wisdom of others is as dust.

Those who have reared and sheltered me would deprive me of my sacred right, the right to experiment. I want to know why. Because I am ignorant, I hurt those I love.

Above all else I would fight that foe of truth—hypocrisy. I do not understand and I seek to know. My whole being surges with the desire to be something, but I am young—I suffer.

My elders do not know. One sees my grief behind a mask and people my heart. I long for truth. I am filled with questions. I search, I do not know for myself. All is veiled.

My elders fear. They are hypocrites. They long for my

I stand alone, unknown, but my desire is great and I plunge into life with a tear in my heart and a smile in my eyes, for I am young—I suffer.

The dark-eyed woman gave a slight laugh and tossed her head. "What a fool I am, Mary," she said, "I haven't seen you for so long and I guess—tell me about your girl, she must be eighteen or nineteen now, what a joy to have her, is she here today? I would so love to see her?"

"NO," SAID the other mother, "my daughter is not here today, we don't go out together very much. She has her own friends you know. Yes, I think she is considered pretty, she's rather musical you know and she has a lot of queer friends who live in studios and things. I don't see much of her these days." I wonder if I was mistaken or was there a look almost like envy in her eyes when the other mother spoke with such love and tenderness of the baby girl who died before the world had had a chance to turn her into an indifferent stranger.

"The Baby-buggy brown"

A Daily Calendar for December

Gleaned from the Writings of Krishnamurti

December the First:

I have long been in revolt from all things, from the authority of others, from the instruction of others, from the knowledge of others; I would not accept anything as Truth until I found the Truth myself. I never opposed the ideas of others but I would not accept their authority, their theory of life.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 48.

December the Second:

A mind that is simple will understand perfection because it is part of perfection itself. A mind that is crooked cannot understand the Truth . . . Simplicity of the mind is the greatest and most difficult thing to acquire, but in order to be simple you must have had great experience. Simplicity of the truest kind is the highest form of spirituality.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 23.

December the Third:

Each guide, each interpreter of the Truth translates that Truth according to his own limited vision. If you depend on the interpreter for your understanding you will only learn the Truth according to his limitations. But if you establish the goal for yourself, if you strengthen your own desire for Truth and test the keenness of that desire by observation, by welcoming sorrow and experience, then you need have no mediators, then there need exist nothing between you and your goal, between you and the Truth.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 50.

December the Fourth:

If your memory is the residue of all experience, when you are confronted with innumerable unessentials and one essential thing you should be able to choose that one essential, because your memory is trained. Examine every experience that comes across you, as the wind that ruffles the still waters, and see if that experience is essential. If it is not, leave it alone, because if it is unessential, you have already had it.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 19.

December the Fifth:

I say that essential things are those things that will give you freedom, absolute and unconditioned, will give you that happiness that has no variance. All other things are unessential. . . . You want to help others. All right, there is only one way to help others—to make yourself beyond all help, that is, to make yourself incorruptible.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 20.

December the Sixth:

To be truly detached means that you are attached to everyone, so it is the outcome of all human affection, and supersedes any particular friendship. After all, true love, which is detached so that it is attached to everything, is the outcome, is the consummation of all human affections, is the fulfilment of all love.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 20.

December the Seventh:

"What is the right kind of remembrance, and the right kind of forgetting?" The right kind of remembrance, from my point of view, is to remember, to hold to that residue of all experience, so that you will not again indulge in the same kind of experience. The indulgence in experience with which you have finished creates karma and barriers. To a wise man one experience of one special kind is sufficient. So the right kind of remembrance and the right kind of forgetting is to have learned from experiences, and to brush aside all experiences that have no value.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 18.

December the Eighth:

... When I worshipped and dwelt in pure adoration, when life was a continual self-denial and self-mortification, when sin was abhorred by me, when, with head erect, I gazed always into the dim future for truth, when there was so much light around me, and yet profound and dismal darkness within me, when I loved purely and longed nobly, when I was thrilled at the simple name of God; in those lives of temple piety and harmlessness, no blissful contentment could I find.

—*The Path*, p. 29.

December the Ninth:

To follow another, whosoever he may be, is to me the very negation of what I hold to be true.

—*Life In Freedom*, p. 48.

December the Tenth:

I say that no one from outside can give you incorruptibility of the mind or of the heart, that in that incorruptibility alone lies the perfection of life, the beauty, the loveliness, of which everyone is a part. It is so simple that you want to complicate it by philosophies, systems, creeds, religions, churches, rites. How can you live greatly, vastly, delightedly, beautifully in the future, if you do not lay the foundation now, if you are not living in that eternity now, with your greatest capacity, with all your enthusiasm and eagerness? . . . Because you have not the real burning craving to find truth immediately, NOW, all these complications exist.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 15.

December the Eleventh:

My Path that has guided me through rough and storm-laden countries is beside me. I am gazing with welling tears at those weary and sorrow-eyed travelers. My beloved, my heart is broken at the cruel sight, for I cannot descend and give them divine water to quench their vehement thirst. For they must find the eternal source for themselves. But, ye merciful Gods, can I at least make their path smoother and alleviate the pain and sorrow which they have created for themselves through ignorance and pitiful carelessness! Come all ye that sorrow, and enter with me into the abode of enlightenment and into the shades of immortality.

—*The Path*, p. 60.

December the Twelfth:

I am the Truth,
I am the Law,
I am the Refuge,
I am the Guide, the Companion
and the Beloved.

—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 36.

December the Thirteenth:

You have to discover for yourself, by thought, by reason, by consistent eagerness, by that unburdened, adventurous spirit, what is the fulfilment of life, what is its consummation. Life fulfils itself eternally in Liberation, in that incorruptibility which is harmony. That is the ocean into which all must enter.

—*Now*, p. 5.

December the Fourteenth:

It is important, essential that you should understand with your mind. It is so easy to weep, so easy to cry, so easy to be emotional over such things, but if you once understand with your mind, it gives you the strength to guide yourself. You are the Absolute, you are the Path, you are in every tree . . . in every plant, in every creature.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 13.

December the Fifteenth:

What I mean by self-discipline is not discipline imposed through fear of punishment and desire of reward which, when removed, enables you to return to your old senseless ways. True self-discipline is far greater, far more intense, because it cuts at the roots of that "I"ness which creates barriers. . . . Understand the purpose of life, and from that very understanding will arise self-discipline.

—*Now*, p. 6.

December the Sixteenth:

Through many ages,
Through many lives,
Have I prepared,
But now,
Behold, the cup is full.
The world shall drink of it.
Man shall grow into Thy divinity.
Thy happiness shall shine
On his face.
For Thy messenger shall go forth.
I am he
That openeth the heart of man,
That giveth comfort.

—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 35.

December the Seventeenth:

Because you love that freedom which is absolute, which is Truth itself, which is Life eternal, which is perfection, which is incorruptibility, which is harmony—by the very force of that love, your self-discipline will make you incorruptible; so you must nourish that Love.

—*Now*, p. 6.

December the Eighteenth:

It is your life that matters, what you do, what you think, not what you preach, not in what manner you cast a shadow on the face of life. One small step that is born of understanding shall put you on a pinnacle of greater ecstasy, of greater understanding, of greater enthusiasm.

—*Now*, p. 8.

December the Nineteenth:

Self-discipline must be born out of the love of Life—vast, immeasurable, whole, unconditioned, limitless, to which all humanity belongs. The encouragement, the nourishment, the fostering of that love will lead to incorruptibility, because you love that which is eternal.

—*Now*, p. 6.

December the Twentieth:

If you would understand you must obey only that Voice within each one of you. . . . That Voice will have such power, such dominion, such authority over you, that you can but obey its commands. And then you will enter that garden, enter that Kingdom of Happiness; and when once you have tasted its delights, when once you have seen the vision within, you need not be held down by anything on earth, you are at the source of eternal Happiness.

—*The Pool of Wisdom*, p. 13.

December the Twenty-first:

By constructing your life on the understanding of the purpose of life, you establish for yourself a continuous happiness, you are putting out a root into the realm which is eternal. It is a question of individual effort, of individual struggle, constant awareness, constant self-discipline. There can no longer be an authority from outside for right conduct—an authority on which to dwell, on which to lean.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 12.

December the Twenty-second:

Like an eagle that descends to the valley, so must you go . . . with real determination, with enthusiasm, with ecstasy, so that you will alter, you will uproot those unessential things that surround man and so place a limitation and a corruption upon him, and hence create sorrow and misery wherever he is.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 13.

December the Twenty-third:

Throughout the world today, authority, external authority especially, is being thrown away. . . . Authority is being broken down, but there is still the authority to which man clings in his heart, for his spiritual growth, an authority which he must equally get rid of before he can develop his own intelligence to its highest point. You must become the only authority for yourself, the architect of your own intelligence, and hence of your own life, in the light of that which is eternal. That I say is liberation, the harmony between reason and love. When you have attained that, all fear, derived from the lack of understanding, disappears.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 12.

December the Twenty-fourth:

Come all ye that sorrow, and enter with me into the abode of enlightenment and into the shades of immortality. . . . The resplendent truth shines gloriously and we can no longer be blind, nor is there need to grope in the abyssmal darkness.

—*The Path*, p. 59.

December the Twenty-fifth:

I tell you it is much more lovely, much more tranquil, serene, to love everyone alike; really to hold all people in your heart, not to be indifferent to anyone, not to have that variation of corruptible love in your heart, is the greatest of blessings.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 18.

December the Twenty-sixth:

Liberation, that happiness which is unvarying, serene, that perfection, is neither distant nor near, because perfection is where the individual is, it is within himself.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 11.

December the Twenty-seventh:

I am Thy Beloved,
My Beloved art Thou.
Thou art my companion of ages.
I am Thy shadow,
In the garden of eternity.

—*The Immortal Friend*, p. 59.

December the Twenty-eighth:

My well-Beloved and I
Hold thee, O friend,
In our heart.
I speak to thee
From the depth of my love.
I am as the petal to the rose,
I am as the scent to the jasmine.
I am united with my well-Beloved.

Come unto me:

I am the heart of love.

—*Walk By The Light Of My Love*—*Star Magazine*,
April, 1928.

December the Twenty-ninth:

When you have no fear you really begin to live. You live, not in the future, nor in the past, neither hoping for salvation in the future nor looking to the dead past for your strength, but—because you have no fear—in that moment of eternity, which is NOW.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 10.

December the Thirtieth:

Intelligence is the capacity to discern the essential and the non-essential. Intelligence is, from my point of view, the essence of all experience.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 11.

December the Thirty-first:

No one can give you happiness, no one can free you, except yourself. Along no path can you attain, nor through any religion or sect. Liberation lies with the individual; it is entirely within his control, and comes at his behest alone.

—*International Star Bulletin*,
Oct. 1929, p. 11.

An Appreciation

By John A. Ingelman



THE eagerness to serve, an outstanding characteristic of the members of the Order of the Star, has once more been splendidly evinced by our present Editor of *The Star*. Mrs. Shreve had barely joined our ranks when came the sudden call to assume the arduous burden of Editor of *The Star*. She responded without the slightest reluctance.

It is indeed a joy when we contact those who are both instantly willing and capable of shouldering a heavy responsibility, though it be devoid of any personal advantage, save that of service.

This month of December, 1929, brings us our last issue of *The Star*, an event regretted by many subscribers. May I, then, at this time, avail myself of the privilege of extending, on behalf of us all, sincere appreciation and deeply felt gratitude to Mrs. Florence Shreve for her excellent work as Editor of *The Star*.

Growth In Conscious Divinity

By Mary Morris Duane



IN THE heart the Inner Voice grows stronger and clearer as the consciousness matures, as the Divine Self becomes a greater reality to the outer consciousness than all the forms of the physical manifestations of life.

Although all men have the Inner Voice potentially, and many are too young to understand its meaning, yet few are too young to be utterly unconscious of the Father's presence. They know, within, the difference between good and evil, even when they choose evil; for no child of man is utterly without witness within of his divinity, however low and debased he may appear, or however plain the mark of the beast be upon his earthly form. Within, covered with dust and mire, is still the stamp of his divine origin.

To lose consciousness of this stamp of divinity is to lose sight of his soul for the time, but it can never be utterly lost; for, in the plainest and simplest language known to man the Christ described in His incomparable parables the search for that precious jewel, the lost soul.

The true lover of the soul, the great healer, the Christ, can unstop the deaf ears; He can make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak. What the Christ did for the physical body, He did a thousand times more for the spiritual body which carries the man further upon his upward Path.

Life passes from form to form as the soul grows to maturity; the essence or God principle becomes mature while wearing many different garments or

bodies. As the life principle develops strength in each soul of man, the inner voice speaks more clearly until at last it becomes the one guiding principle of the inner life to lead at last to perfect love and peace.

Do not judge or condemn the unseen souls about you. They can be judged by one alone who sees and knows all.

The Bible speaks with many parables and in many places of the last judgment. This has a definite meaning. It is the end of the cycle of the full grown souls. In the story or parable of the harvest, the Christ stresses the same point,—the grain must ripen before it can be harvested and the tares separated from the wheat.

This long growth or evolution of the soul or divine self cannot take place in one life on earth. Many lives are needed before the soul is ripe for the harvest.

In the meantime let it grow in silence in the ground of earth, not digging it up for judgment or investigation. Wait patiently for the Lord of the harvest Who will come in due season and all His holy angels with Him.

The Inner Voice, heard distinctly by the mature soul and but faintly by the young soul, grows clearer and clearer as the Soul listens more and more for the Voice within.

Many have deceived themselves, believing the voice of the undeveloped ego or individuality to be this voice of the God within; but they are known by their fruits and the self-deceivers are ever lost in mazes of sophistries and

lost causes. The true disciples have learned to distinguish between the true and the false and their lives of love and sacrifice are proof of their high calling.

This is the beginning of wisdom in the soul of man, the knowledge of his divinity. The moment he becomes aware in his inner consciousness of his Divinity and of his Eternal Value in the Cosmos he is a changed being. To declare this with his lips is not enough; to inherit his belief in it by tradition is not enough. He must know it as he knows his place on earth as a human being and his relationship to his physical parents.

All this knowledge of his inner, divine life must be as real to him as his place in the whole life of earth. In the heart of man, the seat of his emotions his religious consciousness begins. The control of these emotions and their discipline is essential to the inner life of man. All religions take cognizance of this important fact. The discipline of all religious orders has this end primarily in view. It is only when this has been accomplished that the Soul is free for higher flights.

It is the preparation of the engines of the soul for her flight into higher realms. No aviator can fly far whose plane is not in perfect condition; no soul can mount to the higher realms of being or consciousness whose emotions are undisciplined. This is the cause of many a fall in the life of the religious leaders and teachers of the world. They attempt to fly before their engines are in order. The pilot who does this is foolish and the soul who attempts it very ignorant. Discipline of the emotions is the preparation for the flight into the higher realms of the spirit.

How can this be most successfully accomplished? By life and the constant questioning of the inner voice or wisdom, the pilot of the soul. This is the only method which will bring the emotions into a place where they become servants and not masters of the divine self.

Life is the great teacher or mechanic who will put the plane in condition by the tools of experience. Until that has been done it is unsafe to spread the wings of the soul for flight.



A certain man, being in anxiety, often wavered between fear and hope, and once, being oppressed with grief, humbly prostrated himself in church before the altar in prayer, and meditated within himself, saying, "Oh! if I knew that I should still persevere."

And presently he heard within him an answer from God, "And if you knew, what would you do?"

"Do now what you would do then, and you will be very secure."

And forthwith, being comforted and strengthened, he committed himself wholly to the will of God, and that anxious fluctuation ceased.

Nor did he have a mind to search curiously any further to know what would befall him, but rather strove to inquire what was the good

and acceptable will of God for the beginning and perfecting of

every good work.—Thomas A'Kempis.

The Image of the Beloved

By John R. Grainger



AN, know thy Self, the Beloved! It is easy to think right and straight. Just be simple and honest with yourself. Do not expect another to turn the grindstone which sharpens your axe. Learn to stand alone.

I have often thought of my childhood religious teaching,—that I was made in the image and likeness of God. I desired to know what God looked like so, in my simplicity, I looked into the mirror in my room and tried to see God. That which I saw there did not inspire any impulse of religious enthusiasm, homage, or worship for my ideal. I saw a reflection of the lower self; only the weak outer husk which has fallen often into the mire. That which I saw in my mirror is illusory.

Now I am seeking the Real, I am seeking the heart that transcends the physical; the understanding that leads to Truth. So, I break through the physical mirror as I shatter my lower self and then I find the higher Self; the Deity within the *spiritual* mirror; my Beloved.

Self-conceit, or vanity, is an absolute bar to progress in this direction, but one-pointedness, humility, and intelligence open the channel. For Deity does as I do; thinks what I think; feels what I feel; looks through my eyes; sees what I see; hears what I hear; knows what I know; is what I am, at my level. In this way I whittle It down to my size so that I can realize It; know It and be one with It in

intelligence or ignorance, power or weakness, glory or gloom.

This analysis of the Image of the Beloved within includes every one of us. In this study the first person singular is on the intellectual dissecting table. The "I am" indicates all of us as individuals. "I" and "you" and "we" are one.

Man is part of the great system of nature, or rather part of the constitution of things as Deity ordains, and Deity is no less than the sum total of cosmic manifestation and circumstances, and It includes human life with all its activities. The Deity is not a person but there exists a permanent principle of unity beneath all forms, changes, and other phenomena of space. Krishnamurti calls Deity the Beloved, or Life.

All we know in man of power, wisdom, love, justice, intelligence, beauty, and harmony, are faint but actual manifestations of the attributes of Deity. All that nature does is what Deity does. But nature is not Deity. Nature will obey man when man obeys Deity. We will know Deity when we know man.

"God" is a generic term and it indicates a stage, or the status, of the evolving Life within the forms which it vivifies. Mineral, vegetable, animal, man, then God.

There is no real distinction between humanity and Deity, the essence of our being is the same as Its, although our consciousness of being is limited. When I say Deity I mean only the mysterious Life and Power which are

finding expression in the universe, and which are present in every tiniest atom of the wondrous whole. I find that this Life is the one reality from which I cannot get away; for whatever else it may be, it is my Self.

The universe, including ourselves, is one instrument or vehicle of the self-expression of the Deity—the Beloved. He or It is all. It is completeness, the whole. It is my higher Self, and your Beloved is your higher Self. In that sense we are the Image and Likeness of the Beloved.

It is a fallacy to attribute functional activity to the infinite and absolute Deity. All forms are transient and in order to create any form, the Creator must have a form in which to function. Therefore, any Creator that has functional activities is but a temporary manifestation of Deity and is not permanent. Man is a creator; a form-maker.

There are two modes of Deity; the infinite and the finite. The infinite is perfect, unconditioned, primordial. From It emanates the finite, the imperfect, conditioned, and limited, of which we ourselves are expressions or emanations.

It is in the Image and Likeness of that finite, imperfect, conditioned, and limited Being that we are "created." The Creator is not far away. It is right here in me all the time. I am in It all the time. If this relationship were not established in nature, I would not be. All Life is one, only the forms limit its expression. All men are one. By love, the perfection of one unit helps the whole. This unity of All-Life envelops the whole world. My higher Self is the Self of others and united we form the Great Self, the One Real Existence which includes all Life. The Creator vitalizes the intelligent reason

of the wise man as well as the blind credulity of the fool.

The Beloved of Krishnamurti is the Self of Grainger. The sage and fool are one. Deity is common property. All men are partakers of the divine substance, without, however, losing their individuality. The carbon in a diamond is identical with the carbon in a lump of coal but it has different modes of expressing its qualities. The divine Life in radium is identical with the divine Life in granite, but you understand that radium is more valuable than granite. When I dip a cup of water out of a large tank, the water in my cup is identical with the water in the tank, but the containers are of different capacities.

My cup is full. May its size increase. I now have a more approachable and individual conception of my Beloved. We are on a working basis of mutual understanding. I am only what I know I am. I am a god in the making. I am an embryonic Deity. I am a sapling aspiring to grow to the full height of a tree. The Beloved dwells in the ether, in the cavity of my heart, as well as in the cold light of the Spiritual Sun. Man, by arriving at the full knowledge of the non-separateness of his higher Self from the One Absolute Self, can, even during his terrestrial life "become as one of us," (plural, meaning gods; see Genesis 3, 22).

Thus it is by eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge or experience, which dispels ignorance, that man becomes like one of the Elohim, or the "Creators" of the tree of Life.

The Beloved in me loves all those about me, I act with It. Its thoughts flow through my brain for good or for evil. As it thinks *at my level*, so think I with It.

My Beloved's ability and facility of expression is increased by the increase of my availability and useableness. As my mental attitudes and life habits come into harmony with Truth it is possible for the divine Life to manifest more of Itself through me. As my brain and physical body shrink and shrivel, the manifestation of the powers of my Beloved are restricted on earth. The greatest glorification of It is found in the glorification of the inner man. As I become more Man, I can manifest more Divinity.

What the Beloved is in Its fullness now, that, man will be some day. Hence it is that by a certain development of faculties latent in the human consciousness, men can touch even now the fringe, as it were, of the consciousness of Divinity.

"Every man is a divinity in disguise, a god playing the fool." I am a member of the highest nobility. I am a god in exile. I am longing for liberation. I am a prisoner in a foreign country and I contemplate pictures of my birthplace and my home with eyes of an alien. As I am taught, so do I teach. As pearls of light are strewn for me, I have much to give and I do not fear to teach; I do not fear to point the way. Therein is wisdom set.

This Self-conscious idea of the Image of the Beloved gives freedom to the Soul. The Soul is free to act as it will within the bounds of the divine Will. There is but one will in the universe. My will is the Beloved's will. I do always the will of the Father, because "I and the Father are One."

To say that man's physical body is the Image of the Beloved is absurd. But man is an image of Divinity in divine essence, in latent power, in potential spirituality. In him, Deity is

growing, expanding, becoming more; it is in process of evolving. It is not stagnant, or static, or dead, or finished. It is constantly changing its manifestations. The Life of the Beloved adapts Itself to the conditioned form through which it manifests.

The savages in the jungle, the outcasts in our slums, the defectives, dependents and delinquents are brothers of Those who have attained the mountain top of Truth, which is the goal of Life. Every man is a son of the Beloved, and there are as many Beloveds as there are sons, for each son in turn becomes a Beloved. The spark becomes the Flame. The drop returns to the sea. The many are synthesized into the One.

Man is discovering his God within. Hence, in science, invention, philosophy, art, religion, society, business, politics, and literature, the dauntless explorers, teachers, and creative geniuses are producing manifestations of the creative power of love within themselves. When the beloved stops growing, the work stops; It must constantly change Its manifestations in order to evolve Itself.

When the Beloved quits changing It quits manifesting in any form. Therefore, I reserve the right to change my mind every five minutes on any subject. I am determined to attain my Beloved, even if I have to crush every former Image; to dissolve every form in the universe back to its primordial essence of no-form, which includes all forms and all manifestations. I am a drop returning to the ocean of Truth from which I came. I am on my way home.

I am becoming the Image of my Beloved.

Is Krishnamurti The World Teacher?

By A. Zuber



HIS question has been asked repeatedly by those who have thought of Krishnamurti, read his books, or heard him speak. They so dislike to be misled by any one, be he saint or not. Those who think at all, ask themselves this question over and over again, call for proofs, cry out for an answer in the great wilderness of doubt which surrounds them.

The direct question method has been tried on Krishnamurti again and again. His answer is ever the same. "I am The Teacher." This does not satisfy. One still doubts, wonders, and tries to fit him into a preconceived image. It is so difficult to be certain of anything.

No matter how often he is questioned, his answer is always the same. He even adds: "But how can any one know that but myself?" From this one falls back, unable to cope with the bold and apparently cruel and harsh statement. It gives no glimmer of light. It satisfies nothing. One is still unconvinced. "I am the Teacher, but that is of no importance," is disconcerting and dissatisfying to the seeker of Truth. To him it seems of much importance.

Realizing finally that the question will not be solved by asking Krishna-

murti, the inquirer may talk to his friends. They, too, are in a quandary and admit a similar difficulty. External help unavailing, the individual begins to draw upon his own world, trying by this method to find the answer from "within." Turning the problem over and over gradually brings him to an impassible barrier, a stone wall, as it were. Though put in every conceivable way, the problem does not solve itself. Apparently the stone wall is very thick, high and built of the strong stuff of materiality.

It does not help to try raising the thoughts above the wall. They fall back disorganized upon stony ground over which one has previously stumbled. It seems impossible to reach the top of that impassible wall no matter how one's thoughts are projected, with what impetus they are sent upward, or with what longing one strives to answer the burning question.

At last the question is brought forward like the battering ram of old, adjusting the force to the apparent thickness of the wall; but that, too, fails. Lo! The questioner stands as he was, surrounded by a mass of black doubts and with nothing accomplished by way of answer. He who is at all

worthy of the teachings of any great ones, will press on. The will and the desire to know forces him finally to the expedient of dissolving the wall. No! It is not impossible. Let him who really wishes to know, practise some of the remarkably sage advice which Krishnamurti has given. Let him test it thoroughly and if it stands on its merits let him build it into his life. Let each one make it such a part of himself, that effect follows cause automatically. If it is not acceptable, well—there is also the happy alternative of rejection. However, let it be remembered, that Krishnamurti gives these helps and hints and proverbs (as they will be called in the centuries to come), out of the fulness and richness of his own life of vast experiences.

He who will be thoroughly patient with this building-in process, practising each bit of advice day by day, year

by year, life after life if need be, will find the adamant wall thinning, ever thinning; becoming more and more transparent until finally it has utterly disappeared.

Then will he have the answer to his question?

No, probably not. For understanding will have attained such vast proportions that one becomes the "thing" which was asked. One sees all things in their true significance and importance. One IS. One himself, becomes a part of all that is "Life" and "Truth" and Understanding." Then one will answer his own question, and strangely enough, in the very words of Krishnamurti: "Yes, I am the Teacher, but after all that is of no consequence."

Do you still think the question is important? If not, do not ask it of him any more.

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